

TWO AMERICANS ON STEAMSHIP ARABIC LISTED AS MISSING

Continued from Page One.

ted from beyond the Dan, other German armies east of that river center a serious Russian defense along the Dnieper and the Volga line virtually impossible.

The mysterious attack in the Gulf of Riga was in progress at the time of the latest report from Petrograd which, however, gave no details as to the magnitude of the action.

Along the other fronts no important changes are recorded with the exception of the French admission of an inability to hold the Lens-Arras line, which has been captured.

The diplomatic problem in the near east has been brought to a solution by the formation of the Greek ministry under the leadership of M. Venizelos, and the indications that the uncompromising attitude of the Balkan nation in Serbia against Bulgaria's claims are being broken down.

After 18 hours of unusual activity resulting in a heavy toll of merchantmen traversing the sea way zone, German submarines apparently have been withdrawn to their base. Report is expressed that the White Star liner Boon is safely in port.

It is now definitely established that only two American passengers on the Arabic are missing.

ALLIES LEFT FOR CONQUEST DENOUNCED BY SOCIALIST

BERLIN, via London, Aug. 21.—In the course of the debate today in the Reichstag, Dr. Eduard David, the Socialist leader, said:

"There lives in the hearts of the German people, as in all other people, a longing for the day of liberation of peace. It is not for humanity if it were otherwise. The European peoples are bleeding from their wounds and thousands of wounds. Every day of the war means further frightful destruction of values."

"Last for conquest must not further this war unceasingly. Emperor William said we are willing to war of conquest and change the world's map. Yesterday I said, 'Conquest is not yet achieved. Germany's conquests are not yet achieved. Peace, notwithstanding their severe defeats, their leading statesmen only recently asserted their determination to continue the war until Germany is crushed and their plans for conquest are realized. They say time is their ally. If we desire peace, therefore, the only thing left for us to do is to see that their hope is futile.'"

Referring to the chancellor's words to the effect that Germany owes her success to moral power exerted in the direction of freedom, Dr. David said:

"I hold it to be my duty to add that we expect a greater measure of liberty for the German people. With this hope we shall vote for new credits."

ITALIAN AVIATOR DEFEAT AN AUSTRIAN SQUADRON

PARIS, Aug. 21.—Italian aviators defeated an Austrian squadron of the Adriatic coast, according to a dispatch from Turin. Three of the Austrian machines were brought down and their crews were either killed or made prisoners. The dispatch says that the Italian squadron forced an engagement upon the Austrians after a long chase.

The Italian aviators returned to their base without loss or injury.

BULGARIA SENT 150,000 MEN TO TURKISH BORDER

SAPLIEV, via Paris, Aug. 21.—A dispatch from Saplevo says that Bulgaria has concentrated 150,000 troops on the Turkish frontier.

Recent news dispatches from Sofia have agreed that Bulgaria is satisfied with the territorial concessions offered her by the Entente Powers, at the price of peace and in the war. The consent of Sofia and Greece to these terms is awaited before the Allies can begin their negotiations with Bulgaria to a successful conclusion.

If Bulgaria enters the war upon Turkey it is understood that she will receive general financial assistance from the Entente Powers.

RUSSIAN MINISTERS LAST OF TWO PORTS

PEROGRAU, via London, Aug. 21.—Russian military observers in their comment on the recent operations in the east emphasize the importance of the fortress of Novogeorgievsk, which has been attacked, and points with satisfaction to the heroic defense of these fortresses by the Russian garrison.

The military writers declare that the Russian effort in the central theater of war, where in the near future, the Russians will be forced to contend against three approaching armies for the possession of this most important base.

Referring to the evacuation of Kovno, it is said that almost the entire garrison save up their lives before surrendering the position.

ARTILLERY IN RICHES OF ARTISTS

PARIS, Aug. 21.—The French war office this afternoon gave out a statement on the progress of hostilities which reads:

"Last night continued artillery fighting on the Aisne, in the forest of the Aisne, and in the Vosges. In the Artois fighting with some cessation."

"Five or six infantry attacks on the part of the enemy, one at Pleussens-Somme, and the other in the forest of Pireux, in Lorraine, were completely repulsed by us."

YANKEE JEWIS DEPORTED SINCE GERMAN ENTRY

PETROGRAD, via London, Aug. 21.—Owing to the occupation by the Germans of a great part of the railroads which connect the sphere of military operations, the condition of the Jews is critical. Five hundred thousand Jewish residents have been deported and a probable quarter million have taken refuge in the interior provinces, where they have no local rights.

Primo Chabarov, the minister of the interior, brought the question of their status before the council of the empire and that body has decided tentatively to permit Jews to settle in the cities of the empire with the exception of those of Moscow and Petrograd, and the suburban residences of Emperor Nicholas.

BELIEVE GERMAN WILL ANNEX RUSSIAN POLAND

BERLIN, via London, Aug. 21.—German newspapers, with a few exceptions, comment exhaustively on the speech in the Reichstag of the imperial chancellor, Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, attaching particular importance to his remarks concerning Poland. The general opinion set forth in the press is that the government contemplates an annexation of Russian Poland, which meets almost unanimous approval.

Editorial comment, although dealing at length with this subject, is restricted to the question of the prohibition against the discussion of the subject of annexation.

GERMANS TAKE BIELSK

BERLIN, via London, Aug. 21.—The Germans have captured the Russian town of Bielsk, 25 miles south of Bialystok, and have driven the Russians over the Biala river, according to an official announcement given out today by the German army headquarters staff.

Another Oil Advance

INDEPENDENCE, Kan., Aug. 21.—Another advance in the price of crude oil, 10 cents on the barrel, was ordered from the general offices of the Prairie Oil & Gas Company here today. The price is now 75 cents, an increase of 35 cents in 20 days.

Cotton Absolute Contraband

PARIS, Aug. 21.—The French office announced that the Journal Officiel tomorrow morning will contain an announcement by the French and British governments declaring cotton absolute contraband of war.

BUSINESS BOOMING

That's the News From South, South, East and West.

But there are many new elements in this revival of trade that every business man should study carefully. Simplest way to keep posted is to read the Monthly Trade Review, issued by the First National of Connellsville. It's FREE. Call or write.

Attends Family Reunion

Following attendance at a family reunion at his former home in Guilford, Me., Rev. William Nelson of the First Baptist Church, will return home tomorrow. At the reunion were gathered all the immediate members of his family for the first time in many years.

Will Play Football

Frederick Butternut, formerly of town, will play football this fall with a team organized by Al Grayson of McKees Rocks. Grayson is known here through his athletic encounters with Ray Kayser. Almost all of the team is composed of boys.

Home on Vacation

Harold A. Hart returned last evening to spend his vacation with his mother, Mrs. Clara Hart of Crawford avenue. He is a student at the state forestry school at Mount Alto, Pa.

Car Is Demolished

The S-30 car of the West Penn was damaged on the switch in front of the Columbia Hotel on the West Side this morning. The barn crew put the wheels back on the track.

Suit On Crutches

George W. Campbell of East Green street, who was injured in an auto spill on the Leaning road several months ago, is still compelled to go about on crutches.

Meetings to Continue

The evangelistic meetings are still in progress in the tent on the South Side. They will be continued all next week. No services are held on Saturday nights.

To Play at Baltimore

The Connellsville B. & O. baseball team left on No. 10 last night for Baltimore, where they will meet the railroad team of that place this afternoon.

Undergoes an Operation

Peter Bohm, 15 years old, of Adairville, was operated on for appendicitis at the Cottage State Hospital today.

King Reunion On

Over 100 persons left here this morning for Chicago to attend the King reunion being held there today.

Teens' Riders Discharged

Two teen riders were discharged after a hearing in police court this morning.

Abe Martin.



Some husbands are happy and others take their wives along when they buy a new hat. None but the brave deserves the label.

Congressman Who Would Have Government Seize Big Fortunes; Society Woman Who Opposes



CONGRESSMAN WALSH—MRS. J. BORDEN HARRIMAN—

Special to The Courier. WASHINGTON, Aug. 21.—The commission on industrial relations, after two years of work has been unable to agree on any program of social legislation to be submitted to Congress. The life of the commission expires on August 23. Two reports have been prepared by its members. In its report signed by the three socialists of capital and by President John D. Commons and Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, and a minority report signed by Chairman Frank P. Walsh and the three representatives of labor. In a statement Harry W. Woodstock of San Francisco, an employee member of the commission, said the members found themselves to be unalterably divided on social questions and that



SOCIAL and PERSONAL

Mrs. Harry Hotel gave a surprise party at her home on Third street, West Side, last evening in honor of her husband's 30th birthday. A very pretty arranged luncheon was served at 10 o'clock. Chances were laid for 18. Mr. Hotel was presented with a handsome silver smoking set. Out of town guests were Mrs. H. J. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. London of Uniontown, and Mrs. Elizabeth Satterfield of Brownsville.

The M. E. C. Sewing Club held a meeting at the home of Mrs. Hugh Haque of South Connellsville, Tuesday afternoon. The next meeting will be held at the home of Miss Teresa Koehler on September 2.

Mrs. M. E. Strawn entertained a number of friends at her home in Dawson, yesterday, an enjoyable day being spent. All of the guests expressed their desire to return for a similar good time next year. Those present were:

Mrs. M. E. Elwell, Mrs. Minnie Myers and daughter Lillian, Mrs. Ada Gladhill, Mrs. Richard Lammie, Mrs. Robert Thompson and daughter Mary, Mrs. John Thompson, Mrs. Laura Lutz, Mrs. N. R. Martin, Mrs. Earl Lutz, Mrs. W. L. Lutzbeck, Mrs. M. Graham, Mrs. T. M. Dunlap, Mrs. H. L. Carson, Miss Ella Mae Pollock, Miss Rachel Elwell, Miss Josephine Myers, all of Star Junction; Mrs. Myrtle S. Shaw, Pittsburgh; Mrs. J. L. Cochran, Connellsville; Mrs. J. S. VanKirk, Mrs. Jacob Kelley, West Newton; Mrs. Margaret Stoffer, P. M. Showalter, Elizabeth Wright, Harry Hunter, W. H. Moore, Flora Snyder, Rev. H. A. Baum and wife, Mrs. Allen Crawford, Mrs. H. J. Bell, Miss Ruth Haywood and Miss Dot Price, all of Dawson.

At a meeting of the P. M. Bible Class of the Christian Church the following officers were elected: A. J. Taylor, president; Robert Boyd, vice president; Garrett Hall, secretary; S. T. Bedford, treasurer. Dr. G. W. Galt, pastor, and Emory Penn, assistant.

PERSONAL

Sobson Theatre today, Robert Warwick in "The Face in the Moonlight," two reels; "Out of the Plumes," comedy; "Martin Lower, Fixer," comedy drama. Monday Charles Chaplin in "His New Profession," also "The Broken Coin." Miss Lauren McGowan of Pittsburg is visiting at the home of Miss Anna Jean Randolph of Crawford avenue. Mr. and Mrs. J. Roy Barr and sons, Kerchner, Dick and John, and Mrs. Nellie Doolery of Shippensburg, arrived today and will spend several days at the home of the former's sisters, Mrs. Edward Fenstermacher and Mrs. Ralph Slinger of the South Side. Marguerite Clark at the Colonial Monday and Tuesday.—ADV.

Principal H. B. Smith left this morning for Bellefonte, where he will visit his parents.

Lawrence Francis and Foster

two reports was the only solution of the deadlock. One of the rocks on which the commission was hopelessly split was a recommendation in the report drafted by Chief of Staff Basil M. Manley and four by Chairman Walsh that Congress enact laws restricting upon inheritance, all great fortunes in excess of \$1,000,000. In other words Mr. Walsh and the three labor members of the commission proposed to forbid heirs of wealthy Americans from inheriting more than \$1,000,000 from any one estate. All in excess would go to the federal government. President Commons, Mrs. Harriman and the three members of the commission representing employers, refused to give serious consideration to such a proposal.

SEVERE SCALY RASH ON BABY'S FACE

And Head, Burned and Itched, Looked Very Ugly, Face Disfigured, Used Cuticura, In Two Months Free From Trouble. Now Skin Like Velvet.

1330 6th Ave., East Altoona, Pa.—"My baby's trouble started with a rash on her face and head. Later it got so bad, it seemed to burn and itch and looked very ugly. She scratched a great deal and would wail at night and scratch and cry. Her face was disfigured."

"I saw the advertisement of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. I only used them three or four days when she stopped scratching and could sleep. I bought some more and washed her with the Cuticura Soap then anointed her with Cuticura Ointment. I put the Ointment on her at night and washed it off in the morning. After using them two months they freed her from the trouble. Now her skin is like velvet with no signs of the rash at all." (Signed) Mrs. J. E. Mangus, Sept. 3, 1914.

Sample Each Free by Mail. 15th 22-15. Skin Book on request. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston." Sold throughout the world.

Full information at Baltimore and Ohio Ticket Offices.

BALTIMORE & OHIO

SYSTEM

LOW FARES

TO THE

Pacific Coast

AND

CALIFORNIA

Expositions

VIA

CHICAGO or ST. LOUIS

Full information at Baltimore and Ohio Ticket Offices.

Very Much at Your Service

ELECTRICITY

READY at hand, prepared to act on the instant.

A twist of the switch and darkness gives way to light, or an electric servant begins to quickly and efficiently perform any one of a score of household tasks which, without electricity, must be done by hand.

Electricity in your home means lighter house work and less time required in which to do it. Our Rate Schedule C makes electricity cheaper than ever before for residential service. Phone for our representative to call and explain this rate.

The West Penn Electric Co.

ANSWERED AT OFFICE.

Will Germany Win?

It matters little to the average American young men and women who have to make their own living which side wins in this world's greatest war. What do you care whether Novogeorgievsk falls or not. You want to make sure that no one is able to submarine you on your way to success.

You are the commander-in-chief of three armies, your ambition, your character, your schooling. But to conquer the fertile valley of opportunity, to storm the lofty heights of success you need reinforcements. You need an additional army, its name is Business Education.

Your business training must be of the right sort; so that you need fear no rivals; that the business men will reward you well and success will surrender to you.

A large army of Douglas College graduates have stormed and captured many of the finest positions in the business world. We are now recruiting a new army—in a few months they will be able to go out and conquer equally desirable places.

By enrolling with us you save time and money. Your increased earning power as a Douglas graduate will soon pay for your training and add several hundred dollars to your bank account besides.

You owe it to yourself to investigate. If we can prove that we can save you money and qualify you for a better position you want our training. If we cannot prove it you are not out one penny. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose.

Ask for Our Free Catalog. School Opens August 30th.

Douglas Business College

Connellsville, Pa.

The Grim Reaper

GEORGE C. RITTENHOUSE.

George C. Rittenhouse, who died at his home in Granville, Pa., was buried from his residence on Friday afternoon. He is survived by his wife and the following children: Joseph W. Jacob, Jr. and Mrs. John R. Loucks, all of Scotland; Mrs. H. E. Stahl of Altoona; E. Brown of Meadstown; Mrs. George Esterline and Mrs. Hurley Fisher, all of Granville.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND.

Chichester's Diamond Brand Pills are the only pills that can be taken on a diet of food and drink.

Take no other. They are the only pills that can be taken on a diet of food and drink.

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FURNACE MEN ARE MAKING A PLUNGE INTO BY-PRODUCTS

Shutting Off of Imports of Dyestuffs Has Created New Markets.

TARIFF PROTECTION IS NEEDED

Initial Cost Not Only Reason Why Connellsville Region Has Stood By Dyestuffs: Dy-Product Plants Have Only Recently Been Perfected.

That the rush of different furnace interests to erect by-product plants in proximity to their plants will be followed by a protective tariff on dyestuffs and products thereof, after a cessation of European hostilities, is the opinion of a prominent Connellsville coke man.

With the shutting off of the German supply of dyestuffs and kindred products, this phase of the coke industry has caught the attention of furnace-men and is thought to have had a determining influence in the closing of several contracts recently placed for by-product coke plants at Cleveland and Valley points. Of this class is the contract of Corliss, McKimsey & Co., for the erection of 200 Koppers by-product ovens at their Cleveland furnace. Work is to be rushed on this job. Ordinarily it requires a year to build such plant. The firm has two stacks in blast at Cleveland and two more under construction. The latter are to be completed by January 1, next. Corliss, McKimsey & Co. operate the Charlotte furnace at Scottsdale. The coke for all their furnaces comes from the Connellsville region.

The initial cost of the by-product even has had much to do with preventing its construction in the Connellsville region, but that is by no means the only reason. The by-product oven has been somewhat of an experiment until within the past ten years, when it reached the point of practicability. Hitherto gas has been the chief by-product. In the Connellsville region there has been no market for it because of the competition of cheap natural gas. The ammonia and benzol products did not attain an importance and value to American manufacturers until the European war stopped the importation of these products from Germany, so that this latest and seemingly greatest incentive is of quite recent origin.

The Connellsville region is not wholly without by-product coke production. There is a Somerset-Bellevue plant at Dunbar of 110 ovens, 50 of which were built in 1904 and the remainder in 1907. They are located adjacent to the Dunbar furnace and find a market for their gas in the furnace and other local industries. Other recoveries are tar, ammonia and light oil. The latter are the basis of local. The company has not yet erected a benzol recovery plant, but such a plant would no doubt be profitable.

CONFLUENCE

CONNELLSVILLE, Aug. 21.—Mrs. J. C. Younk of the West Side, is improving from a recent illness.

Adolphus Shipley has returned from a business visit to Uniontown.

Mrs. C. E. Baker of Miami, was here yesterday on her way to Pittsburgh to visit friends.

Mrs. Robert Black of this place and Harry Campbell of Humphert and Moore (father, Elmer and Mary Kate) left yesterday for Baltimore, Md., where they will visit Mr. and Miss Black's sister, Mrs. Rebecca Hill.

Mrs. Hiram Clouse left yesterday for Bedford county, where she will visit friends for several days.

Quite a number from here are attending the Johnson Chapel picnic today.

Mrs. Mary Smith of Tarentum, has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Ida Bird.

James Scott of Union, who has been down with a cold, is on his feet, was in town yesterday.

Mrs. C. W. Cunningham and two children are visiting Mrs. Cunningham's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Wilson, at J. H. Chas. and son.

The 10th District Sunday School Association will hold their picnic in Blaine's Grove next Thursday.

C. Y. Masters of Beachley, was transacting business here yesterday.

Miss Ida McManis has come to Edison, Ohio, where she will have charge of a large military store during the coming season.

Miss Mary Nodden of Somersfield, was a recent visitor with friends here.

THEIR SILVER WEDDING

Stauffer Couple Celebrate on 25th Anniversary.

A host of friends, both young and old, gathered Saturday evening at the Stauffer home of Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Witt to help celebrate their 25th wedding anniversary. The evening was spent in music and games. At 10 o'clock a nicely appointed lunch was served and at a late hour the guests departed wishing Mr. and Mrs. Witt 25 years more of happy married life. Many pretty and useful presents were received.

The out of town guests were: Miss Emma Carberry, Miss Heald, Mrs. Edward William, Cumberland; Margaret Stauffer, Chicago; Hazel Holzmann, Toledo, O.; Mrs. Mabel McClelland and daughter, Leona; Mrs. C. Youngwood; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Patterson, Rome; William Porter, Mrs. Mary Hunter, Harry White, Ray Witt, Ruth Randolph, Elizabeth Witt, Dolis Miller, Mrs. Grant Berg, Miss Bernice Berg, Margaret Berg, Harold Berg, Ernest Berg, Mike McCort, William Wilson, Paul Quigg, George Gressin, Mr. Harry Kane, Mount Pleasant; Paul Campbell, Woodbury; Ernest Adams, William Long, Randall Craig, Harry Craig, Woodbury; Mr. and Mrs. Louis Chesser, Virginia Long, Scottsdale; Mr. Koffer, Iron Bridge; Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Joyner and children, Laverne and Yonetta, Mr. and Mrs. John Baker and son Vernon, Mr. and Mrs. William Morgan and children, Jean and Claire, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Stock and grandson, Donald; Charles Thomas and children, Mr. and Mrs. John Queer and son John, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Miner and daughter, Marie, Mrs. Miller and grandson Wayne, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Behard, Mrs. Hiram Boyer, Mrs. Anna Bell, Mrs. Malinda Lape, Mrs. Samuel Shumaker, Mr. and Mrs. George Christner and daughter Hazel, Mrs. Walter Thibault and children, Gordon, Earl and Catherine, Mr. Doan, Misses Elsie Beal, Hazel Weaver, Chas. Weaver, Chas. Bell, Mildred Witt, Hannah Davis, Daisy Burroughs, Minnie Hane, Eva Hane, Alice Alice Crosby, Mary Mitchell, Missouri Mitchell, Mary Jones, Harriet Jones, Harriet Jones, Orelia Souther, Jeanette Kruger, Clara Shumaker, Hazel Henthall, Minnie Suttley, Lilian Whitehair, Minnie Solenday, Mabel Davis, Evelyn White, Hattie Bremer, Robert M. Kester, Charles F. Kester, David, Jesse Davis, William Kane, John Voss, Ray Marz, Clyde Kane, Thomas Gray, Roy Stonaker, Ralph M. Shaw, Howard M. Shaw, Walter Stout, Harry Shuttley, William Shuttley, Clarence Queen, Harry Hahn, Willie Mitchell, James Speelman, Edward Arnold, William Miller, (Harper) Lopus, William King, Ernest Beal, Chas. King, Curtis King, Andrew Hane, Jacob Rumbach, William Koffer, Kenneth Witt, Randolph Witt, Marshall Shaffer, Lester Shaffer, August Shaffer, David Brunk, Ernest Pullin, William Davis, D'wey Miller, Frank Miller, George Kastner.

OHIOVILLE

OHIOVILLE, Aug. 21.—Rev. Sellers was a visitor in Confluence yesterday. Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Shaw, who have spent the past several months with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Shaw, on Commercial street, left on train No. 12 last evening for their home in Philadelphia.

L. C. Babby of Humphert was a business visitor here yesterday. Mrs. Richard Hise of Meyersdale, spent Friday here calling on friends.

Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Deane and son returned to Ohioville last evening after a several days' visit in Uniontown.

Mrs. Charles Burnworth spent Friday shopping and calling on Connellsville friends.

Allen Hight and daughter, Miss Edith, of Connellsville, are guests at the Ohioville House for a few days.

John Burke and P. H. McClain are engaged in tearing down an old landmark of town, known as the Old Shooting Gallery.

Frank Cronwall was a caller in town yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Hochstetler and two children returned to Ohioville after the past week spent at Lakeport.

Miss Nancy Linderman of Sipes spent Thursday and Friday calling on friends here.

Mrs. Hinch Browning was calling on Mrs. William Glatfelter on Garrett street Friday afternoon.

STEAMERS AROUND

GALVESTON, Tex., Aug. 20.—Two British steamships, the Harlesdon and the Eaton Hall, are aground at Swan Lake on the mainland, southwest of Texas City. It is said the Eaton Hall is in a serious condition.

Do You Want Help? Try our classified ads. One cent a word. Results follow.

Hunting Bargains? If so, read our advertising columns.

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Mount Pleasant

Special to The Courier.

MOUNT PLEASANT, Aug. 21.—Miss Harriet Gemmell of Pittsburgh, who is the guest of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John Gemmell, gave a surprise party for Miss Gertrude Hartman at her Eagle street home. The out-of-town guests were: Bert Allen, Uniontown; Frank Miller and William Elphinst, Scottsdale; and Christine Jordan and Harry Reid, Latrobe. A very pleasant evening was spent and refreshments were served.

Calvin Roberts, aged eight years, son of Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Roberts of the Standard shoe, died yesterday. Funeral services will be held from the A. M. E. Zion Church on Silver street on Sunday afternoon and interment will be made in the Mount Pleasant cemetery.

The Mount Pleasant township school board called a special meeting for last night to elect a teacher for the vacancy caused by the resignation of Miss Ada Hissom, whose engagement to Dr. Horace C. Cope of McKeesport, was recently announced. Miss Olive Naudorfer of Turtle Creek, a graduate of the University of Pittsburgh and a specialist in English was elected to fill the position. The township high school opens Monday with a faculty of ten teachers and a prospective scholarship of 175 students.

Blaine H. Colquhoun and E. H. Schwartz, both present councilmen, announced their intention of being candidates this coming election. Frank Hargrave of the Third Ward, has also announced that he will be a candidate in that ward.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stone of Eagle street, a son, on Thursday night.

Mrs. Rosale Landis of Dolmont, in the guest of Mrs. Edward Hittner.

Mrs. Richard Doncaster has come to spend a couple of weeks with Ohio friends.

Mrs. Danley of Uniontown returned home yesterday after spending a couple of days with her sister, Mrs. Laura Zundel.

Mr. Christner of Monongahela City, with two other men were driving through Hightstown in a Ford car last evening about 8 o'clock when the car upset. Mr. Christner had his right leg broken and the other two men received minor injuries from the top turning over on them. A large crowd soon gathered and the men were helped from under the car in a very short time. Mr. Christner and the other two men were brought to the Memorial Hospital, where Mr. Christner was set and emergency dressings given the other two.

GO TO THE RESCUE

Don't Wait 'Till It's Too Late—Follow the Example of a Connellsville Citizen.

Rescue the aching back. If it keeps on aching, trouble may come.

Often it indicates kidney weakness. If you neglect the kidneys' warning.

Look out for urinary disorders. The Connellsville citizen will show you how to go to the rescue.

Mrs. Anthony Lucking, Ninth St., Connellsville, says: "Whenever I stopped, I could hardly get up again, owing to sharp pains in the small of my back. I had trouble from the kidney weakness. Don't's Kidney Pills helped me a whole lot and whenever I have had any trouble since, I have taken a few doses and have been helped."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Don't's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Lucking had. Foster-McBarn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.—Adv.

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TAPPET AND TULLIE.

The skirt model in this evening dress, of peach colored tulle, is reminiscent of the old draped skirts of our mother's day. The entire frock is very girlish and very quaint with its baby waist of self-tone tulle gathered into a little full of tulle at the neck which is held in place by tiny roses. The elbow sleeves with their wide tulle frills are also caught with these roses and a row of the flowers holds the wide girlish of tulle. The drop skirt of pleated tulle divides at the back to show a series of five tulle flounces, the bottom flounce continuing as a ruffle around the entire skirt.

Mrs. Danley of Uniontown returned home yesterday after spending a couple of days with her sister, Mrs. Laura Zundel.

Mr. Christner of Monongahela City, with two other men were driving through Hightstown in a Ford car last evening about 8 o'clock when the car upset. Mr. Christner had his right leg broken and the other two men received minor injuries from the top turning over on them. A large crowd soon gathered and the men were helped from under the car in a very short time. Mr. Christner and the other two men were brought to the Memorial Hospital, where Mr. Christner was set and emergency dressings given the other two.

Mrs. Anthony Lucking, Ninth St., Connellsville, says: "Whenever I stopped, I could hardly get up again, owing to sharp pains in the small of my back. I had trouble from the kidney weakness. Don't's Kidney Pills helped me a whole lot and whenever I have had any trouble since, I have taken a few doses and have been helped."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Don't's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Lucking had. Foster-McBarn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.—Adv.

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Brewed from the choicest materials in that Good Old German Way

Y O U G H

Indian Head BEER

"It Hits the Spot"

HORSES

PUBLIC SALE MONTANA RANGE HORSES AND INDIAN PONIES

I WILL SELL

40 RANGE HORSES AND INDIAN PONIES 40

AT JOS. MERVIN BARN, CONNELLSVILLE, PA.

Aug., 24, 25 and 26 1915

TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY.

Several Extra Fine Match Teams and Saddle Horses. All Colors.

GRAHAM SCOTT
RAVALLIE, MONTANA.

PAVING BLOCK

Soisson Building Brick

IRON SPOT ROUGH TEXTURE

GREY VELOUR MOYER RED VELOUR BUFF VELOUR

CORDUROY REDS COMMON BUILDING BRICK

Stock on Hand for Immediate Delivery.

SEE SAMPLES AT OFFICE.

Joseph Soisson Fire Brick Co., Connellsville, Pa.

YOUGH TRUST COMPANY,

CONNELLSVILLE, PA.

Capital.....\$ 200,000.00

Surplus and Profits.....16,000.00

Resources.....1,100,000.00

FOUR PER CENT. PAID ON SAVINGS ACCOUNTS.

The Man Who Cheats Himself

One may think he is having the best time of his life when he is spending much money for luxuries. But later, he may stop and consider how foolish it is to waste cash on things not actually needed. Bank your money with us—start an account now.

UNION NATIONAL BANK,
CONNELLSVILLE, PA.

IF YOU WANT

Anything, Have Anything for Sale or Rent, Try Our Classified Ads at One Cent a Word. They Bring the Results.

PETEY DINK—No Use Dodging Fate; It's Bound to Get You.

By C. A. Volght.

AREN'T YOU GOING TO THE WATER TODAY?

NOTHIN' DOIN'—EVERY TIME I GO IN THE WATER SOMETHIN' HAPPENS TO ME. I HEARD THE BOSS SAY THAT HE WAS GOING TO HAVE A LOBSTER OR SOMETHING BITE ME TODAY!

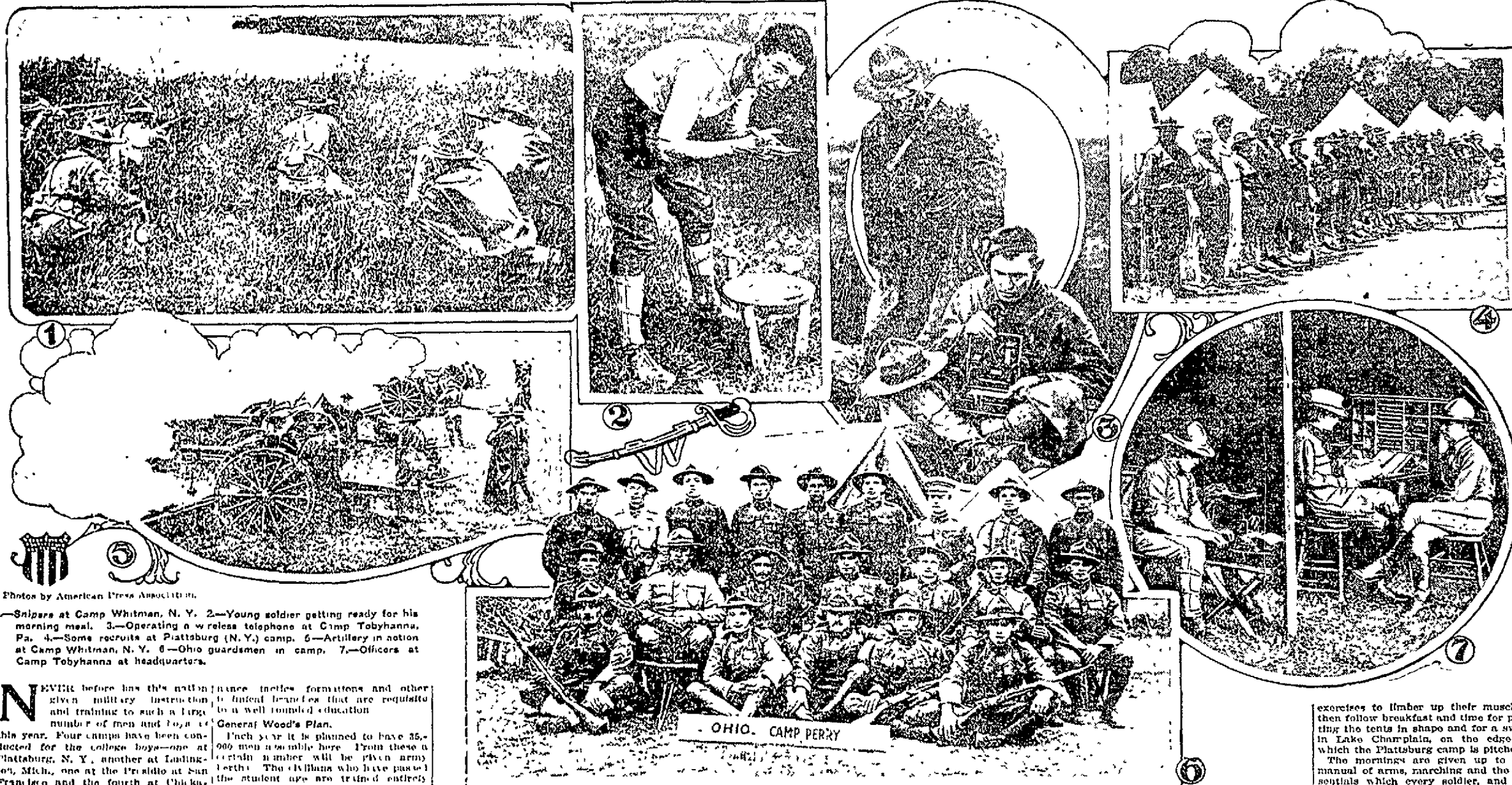
— THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE MY VACATION AIN'T IT? WELL, FROM NOW ON I'M GONNER SEE THAT IT IS —

OH COME ON IN —

— ANYWAY I'M GONNER HAVE ONE DAY OF REST AND IF THE BOSS WANTS TO SIC A LOBSTER ON SOMEBODY —

— IT AINT GONNER BE ME —

Training Citizens to Be Officers In United States Army



Photos by American Press Association.

1.—Snipers at Camp Whitman, N. Y. 2.—Young soldier getting ready for his morning meal. 3.—Operating a wireless telephone at Camp Tobyhanna, Pa. 4.—Some recruits at Plattsburg (N. Y.) camp. 5.—Artillery in action at Camp Whitman, N. Y. 6.—Ohio guardsmen in camp. 7.—Officers at Camp Tobyhanna at headquarters.

NEVER before has this nation given military instruction and training to such a large number of men and boys as this year. Four camps have been conducted for the college boys—one at Plattsburg, N. Y., another at Fort Totten, Minn., one at the Idaho at San Francisco and the fourth at Chickamauga, Ga. In addition the camp at Plattsburg was opened for the business men, and many hundreds took advantage of the opportunity to familiarize themselves with the duties of the trained soldier. Nearly all the student militia in the country had several weeks of camp life this summer also. Plattsburg's stretch of thirty acres where the summer military camp is held, is the largest in the United States army on the various branches that make up a real soldier.

The "faculty" to use a collegiate term, comprises the experts on ord-

nance, tactics, formations and other military branches that are requisite to a well rounded education.

General Wood's Plan.

Each year it is planned to have 35,000 men assembled here. From these a certain number will be given army orders. The civilians who have passed the student age are trained entirely with an eye to making them real officers. They are assigned to commands, regular soldiers being bivouacked to enable civilians to take charge of them.

The curriculum of the school is not the usual humdrum and routine of a summer camp. Special attention is paid to the school of the soldier, as the general relies on the civilians to study that for themselves. The plan is to familiarize officers with the modern weapons of warfare. Machine gun practice, according to General Wood, is the important study. In connection with other modern soldiers General Wood believes that the wars of the future will be fought with machine guns rather than rifles. Great guns have been mounted here and the officers are taught their use.

Soldiers now stationed at the barracks see in this movement a great forward step in the matter of preparedness.

Volunteer Militia.

The volunteer militia of the various states is in a pretty poor state, ac-

cording to one of the officers who is an instructor at the summer school. The men are poorly officered he said, as they themselves have not been schooled into a real soldierly education.

The United States army today," said this officer, "is in such shape that for as small a force as it is it is a splendid fighting machine. The new reorganization army bill calls for 63,000 men for foreign service. This will mean a great drain on the supply of officers in this country. In addition this men available for home duty are about twice as many as the police force of New York.

"We could never have such a thing in this country. But you cannot find a single officer in the regular army who isn't in favor of universal military service. Orators may say that it is repugnant to a free republic to compel men to serve in the army. But the professional servants of all who start the wars that we must fight for

them believe that the United States finally must come to the point where she will compel her citizens to serve in the army. Austria does it. Switzerland does it. Switzerland can mobilize 250,000 men in twenty-four hours. She can get 600,000 to the front in three days. She did that last August and that's the reason that the Germans went through Belgium, perhaps.

Would Need a Million Men.

"We would need a million men tomorrow for war. That would take 35,000 officers. Our plan is to have men step from civilian life to command, fit to take charge of the men under them. That's the purpose of the school. We could not take militia officers in case of war to be command of regular soldiers. With the regular army and the militia we could put on the field of battle today about 100,000 men. It has to be the rule of war according to statistics that in the first six months of a war the loss to

each side is usually about 50 per cent of the total force. We need a reserve to fill the gaps that would be opened. We must get them among the people of the country. It takes six months to make a fair soldier and one year to train a satisfactory one. To train men to be soldiers you need officers. That's the purpose of this school—to have a reserve corps of officers that could be put into the breach tomorrow and train men and equip them both mentally and physically to have a million soldiers in the field within six months of the outbreak of any war against this country.

In Need of Munitions.

"Cittichener has 4,000,000 men in the rear of the last line of trenches in France, and they in many cases lack rifles and ammunition, while the artillery is practically powerless because it has not been prepared. He has been thorough, and the result is that not a battle has occurred on German soil in the past year of warfare, de-

spite the fact that the two halves are practically fighting three-quarters of Europe. Those are the lessons that we want to learn, and that's why General Wood has hit on this plan to start a school for officers. It is one of the best and most progressive movements that the United States army has taken since its inception. We don't want a tremendous standing army, not by any means. But we want a reserve force that can take the field at a moment's notice, equipped, prepared and ready to fight the moment the command comes."

Expenses Are Small.

The expenses are small and, exclusive of railroad fares, do not exceed \$50 for a month of training. Uniforms and special clothing cost about \$25; board and other camp expenses do not exceed \$30, all arms and other equipment are furnished by the United States army without cost.

At 5.30 in the morning the bugle sounds and the men turn out for short

exercises to limber up their muscles; then follow breakfast and time for putting the tents in shape and for a swim in Lake Champlain, on the edge of which the Plattsburg camp is pitched.

The mornings are given up to the manual of arms, marching and the essentials which every soldier, and especially every officer, must know.

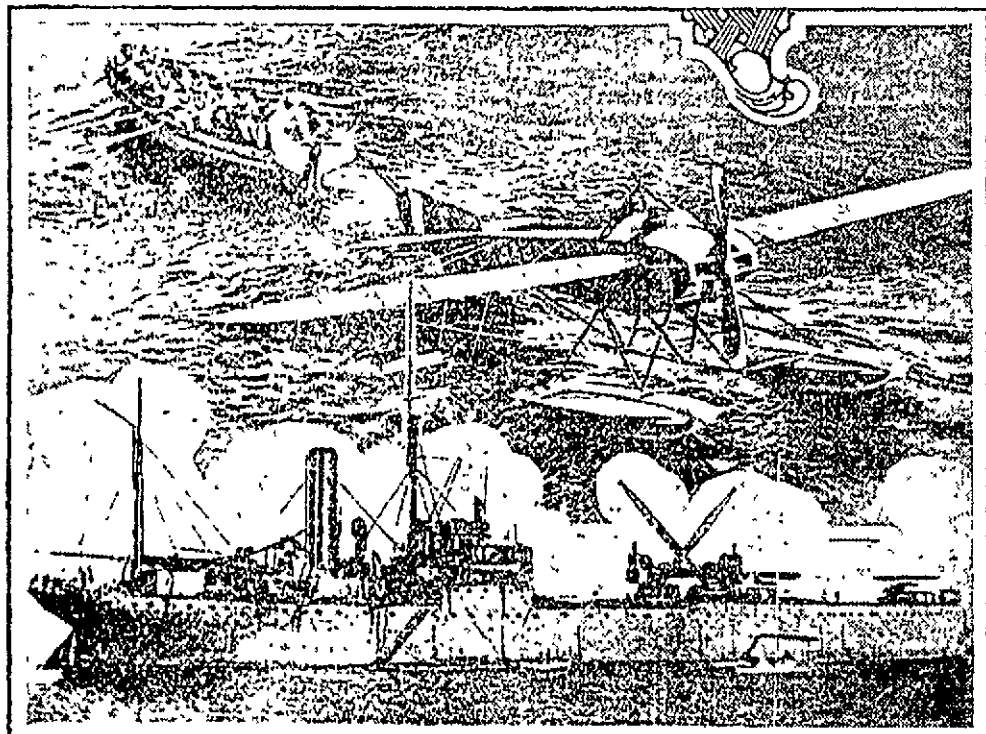
Specialized Training Also.

In the afternoon the training is more specialized, and the men select their courses. There are cavalry drills, in which the polo players of the east excel, and there are courses in signaling, field artillery, military hygiene, military map making, etc.

Great attention is given to target work with the rifles. By the end of the first week the men are ready for patrol and scout work and marching. This gradually develops as the men become experienced and hardened, for the officers realize that business and professional men have been living sedentary lives and must be given time to get in shape.

Battalion problems develop in which team play is of great importance—advance to an attack on the flank of a column, delaying actions, preparing and holding a defensive position and lastly the covering of a retreat. In this work the men get a real taste of trench digging and manual work.

AEROPLANES AND MOTHER SHIP IN OPERATIONS IN DARDANELLES STRAIT



Towing an aeroplane back to ship after a flight in Dardanelles and (below) "mother ship" with two aeroplanes on deck.

THE development of the aeroplane and their value in fighting has been one of the most vivid lessons of the war. In all theaters the air men are active, and the necessity for good machines cannot be overestimated.

Perhaps the most interesting aerial operations have occurred at the Dardanelles where the allies have tried for so long to force the strait. These machines were used for observation pur-

poses largely, but a difficulty was met and had to be overcome before a landing was effected. The aeroplane mother ship has been developed, and from the deck of this boat air craft are launched.

Naturally the first task before Great Britain when the wonderful effectiveness of aeroplanes became evident was to turn out as many machines as possible, and in France and Germany also the problem of output effectively put

been practically abandoned by all countries. In England the monoplane has never been popular, except among exhibition fliers and aerial acrobats. The objection to it being that neither the pilot nor the passenger ever has a thoroughly good view below him, and that for a given width of wing from tip to tip, or span as it is called, a monoplane has two lifting surfaces, one above the other, against the single lifting surface of the biplane, so that it has twice the lifting area, and yet the amount of stuff in the wings, struts and wires to be pushed through the air is roughly about the same, and as all these set up what is called "hand resistance" the speed in each case is about the same, above the weight in each case is pretty nearly the same, because it is possible in a biplane or box girder structure to use lighter main spars for the wings.

In tackling hostile air craft in the early part of the war the usual weapons were either ordinary service rifles or automatic pistols, though a good many pilots, especially the crack flyers or "hobnob" scouts, preferred to use the old fashioned long barreled revolver throwing a heavy bullet.

However, it soon became evident that a machine gun mounted on an aeroplane was actually the most efficient weapon, but there was the obvious difficulty of fitting a machine gun on a "tractor" machine so that the line of bullets did not hit the propeller. Various efforts, all of them futile and a good many of them humorous, have been made to get over this difficulty. Some people have tried fitting a machine gun on the top of the propeller so as to fire over the top of the propeller, and the French even fixed the gun so high up on a monoplane that it cleared the propeller tip, but, of course, the passenger in each case had to stand up to fire, which was exceedingly uncomfortable for him considering that he is plunging through the air at over sixty miles an hour.

HOW NEW YORK HARBOR IS PROTECTED BY BIG GUNS AGAINST ANY ENEMY

MORE than one interesting problem in heavy gunnery close at home presents itself in these days of stress here and strife abroad. The recent war game along the Atlantic coast, for example, in which the pick of Uncle Sam's battle-ships and destroyers took part, adds much to the ever present speculation as to whether New York is vulnerable or not.

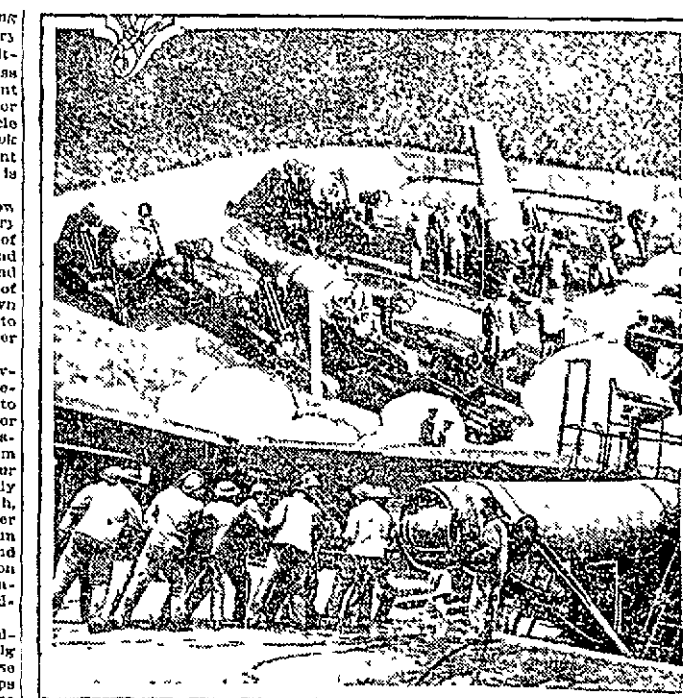
On the coast of New York there are enough steel from their heavy artillery to keep an enemy's fleet outside of great city range of Manhattan island or Brooklyn. Do our big guns and super-Dreadnaughts present enough of an armored bulwark (plus their own big fourteen inch guns and twelve) to protect Manhattan against an invader from overseas?

Let it be admitted, frankly, that several of the great nations have battle-ships mounting guns big enough to knock over the Woolworth tower or make a hullsye of the Waldorf-Astoria, though the shots be fired from far out at sea. On the other hand, our forts at the Narrows and at Sandy Hook mount guns of equal strength, as well as one or two of greater power—the sixteen inch type. Given a gun on the rocking deck of a warship and another of similar range and power on a concrete emplacement behind a parapet ashore, and the latter has the advantage of the former every time.

Now arises another delicate consideration—has any country enough big warships to smother our coast defenses? And have we sufficient ships able to throw enough heavy metal to drive them off or sink them?

Of course a definite answer to such questions is however pertinent just now or however interesting to the layman, cannot be set down. What we can arrive at in our search for information is something about the ships and the guns themselves, could not neglect the background of the Atlantic ocean near New York and the forts that fringe the sand pits of Sandy Hook, that guard the outer gate and the green slopes of Staten Island and Long Island further up the bay.

Sandy Hook is the strongest position. Fort Hancock absolutely commands the entire channels to New York bay. Mounted there are batteries



Photos by American Press Association. Big mortars at Sandy Hook and (below) soldiers loading one of the long range guns.

of twelve inch rifles, a goodly number of the new fourteen and one or two sixteen, besides mortars almost innumerable.

Supplementing this splendid coast defense scheme are Fort Wadsworth and Fort Tompkins, on Staten Island, commanding the lower bay and out to sea, and Fort Hamilton and Fort Lafayette (the latter obsolete) on the Brooklyn side at Bay Ridge. They face the Narrows.

The batteries of twelve inch mortars which these forts mount are as fine a type of ordnance as even the most exacting artillery might demand. They have a ship sinking range of at least eight miles, and each can plump 1,044 pounds of projectile at a discharge down on the deck of any Goliath of the sea that might venture in that cove. The shells would rise a few miles in the air on its way to the target and would fall with such momentum that no dock could stand the impact plus the explosion of the projectile.

The RED MIST

A TALE OF CIVIL STRIFE

By RANDALL PARRISH

ILLUSTRATIONS By C.D. RHODES

"Of course, although I imagine he has disappeared for the day. It is his habit to hide out here in the night. I am not sure, but I am not in need of any sleep. I napped in my cell yesterday, and just a short doze will serve me. But you are terribly tired. It is in your eyes."

"Yes," she confessed, "I must sleep somewhere."

"Then come, we'll find a bit to eat and a place for you to lie down."

I opened the door noiselessly, although I took no special precaution, and held it wide, while she stepped across the threshold, and stood looking curiously about. Then I closed it behind us, and we were in a sort of twilight, amid which objects appeared rather indistinct.

"Ah," I said, "the fellow's cupboard must be over yonder. I hope he keeps it well stocked."

I stepped across in front of her, with no other thought than that of exploring the latter, when she gave vent to a startled cry, and I stopped suddenly, sweeping my eyes about to learn the cause of alarm. The ragged white wall on the floor, and a man leaped across the room and grasped the rifle in the corner. I saw the swift movement, realized the purpose, yet had scarcely time to draw a revolver from the belt, before he had hand on the weapon, and whirled savagely about, facing me. For the instant the gloom disfigured his face—all I knew was that he was a big fellow, with rugged, untamed hair and a scraggly beard. I stepped forward and drew up my arm.

"Drop it!" I said shortly. "Lift that gun and you're dead!"

At first I thought him crazy enough to take the chance of my fire; then the big fingers relaxed, and the rifle fell clattering to the floor. To my surprise, the fellow laughed.

"Well, I'll be damned!" he chorled.

"You here?"

He threw back his head, and I recognized him—Jim Taylor, old Ned Cowan's friend. I drew a quick breath, my teeth clenched, my arm steady. This encounter was going to prove no boy's play.

"Put down your popgun, boy, and take it easy—the blame thing about you."

I reckon as how we all have't got nuffin' for fight for, have we? How the Sam Hill did you ever get yore?"

"Now wait," I broke in coldly. "You stand just where you are. I am not sure whether you know me or not, but I know you, Ned Cowan—I know what you did at Hot Springs, and how you took me along to us to make others believe I was guilty."

"Shuck!" he said, "I was no more than a fair fight."

"It was cold blooded murder, Cowan!" I exclaimed indignantly, "the culmination of a feud."

"Huh who told you that?"

I stepped aside, but still held him under the muzzle of my revolver. The claim to posture brought the man face to face with Ned Cowan. I saw him lean forward and gaze at her; then recoil, as though he viewed a ghost. She never moved, never spoke.

"Good Lord!" he muttered, "Is that Harwood's girl? Why, Anne's out hunting after her now!"

He stopped, cursing fiercely to himself. His eyes shifted their gaze from the face of the girl to mine. They were narrow cat eyes, cruel and cunning.

"I reckon I ain't seen ol' Harwood's gal afore in maybe five years," he said slowly, "but she has sure growed up fine. Anne took after merrily, her father just for spite Harwood, but since he died her a while back he's sorter took a notion he wants her herself. I reckon I don't blame him. There's why he wouldn't wait, but set out for her. No, I don't reckon, young fellow, it's no particular risk. Yore a soldier and don't just understand how we fight out yere in the mountains. We just strike quick, an' then fit away. Tain't no such of a trick Anne is playing at over at Lewisburg. Sure there's five hundred Yanks there; an' if that was Eve thousand it wouldn't make no great difference the way the guard is set. The whole blame caboodle is camped in the courthouse yard, an' the only picket is at the main ford of the Green River. Yore never saw nobody else, git it out yere?"

"No," I admitted, "walking his intimate knowledge. The camp is poorly protected."

"I reckon it is, and Anne knows that just as well as you do. An' he knows the gal yere has a room at her hotel. That is where he went, almighty for raid the abolition just before daylight!" He laughed again mirthlessly. "By God, but Anne will be come to and when he finds out what has happened, I reckon he'll bout out yere heart out."

"He will have to get me first."

"Oh, don't yer ever worry none 'bout that, young fellow. Anne will sure git yer, he knows every hidden path 'cross these mountains, an' I wouldn't give a continental damn for a chance yore'd got for ter fit away. It's a liver cat on a trail, Anne is—an' besides the blame fool wants the gal. He ain't no Cowan if he lets you beat him out here."

He glanced quickly across my shoulder toward the door. Perhaps she

moved; perhaps it was all imagination, but I thought I heard a noise, and wheeled partly around, my eyes for an instant deserting old Cowan's face. It was his own chance, and he took it. I sensed the spring, even as Norreen's cry of warning broke the silence, but not in time to escape the grip of the old man's iron fingers. His body crashed against me with such force that I staggered and fell; one hand closed like a vice on my throat, the other gripped the stock of my revolver, crushing my fingers lifeless. I struck the edge of the table, struggling vainly to keep my feet. It went over with a crash, bearing us both along, old Ned atop, clutching fiercely to keep his hold, his eyes blazing madly down into mine. As we struck I wrenched my hand free and pulled the trigger. The shot seemed to blaze across my own breast, burning like fire, and the next instant the man's knee crashed my wrist to the floor, and the revolver fell from my benumbed fingers.

I seem to recall little of what followed; only a confused recollection of desperate struggling amid the legs of the overturned table; of cuffs, blows, of eyes glaring ferociously into mine. I seemed to lose all knowledge, all consciousness, under the merciless throttling of those hard fingers. Then suddenly they relaxed—I caught a quick, reviving breath, another. Every nerve in me throbbled; I could see again, hear, feel. That was Norreen's face I looked into—yes, and the girl was actually dragging the fellow off me! I took another breath, a long one, moving so that the inert body rolled over on its side; then I rose up, supporting myself on one arm, and stared about, sobbing in the first effort to gain control.

"Norreen!" the name choked in my throat.

"Yes; it's all right now—Cowan is dead."

"Dead! You—you killed him?"

"No; it must have been your shot. I had no chance; you—you two fought like madmen—then—then he just let go of you, and fell back. I was afraid to come—I thought at first he had killed you."

"My shot why the revolver just went off," I muttered, scarcely comprehending. "See! the bullet buried me across the chest, and there is blood there. And you say it struck him? Lord! I never know. Help me to sit up, Norreen."

With the aid of her arms I found support against the table. The blue coat I wore showed clearly the mark of the bullet, and blood disclosed the burned cloth. I ran my hand within, touching the flesh.

"A mere scratch," I said lightly, "requiring a little water. Don't cry, Norreen; there is no harm done; I'll be all right in a minute. Are you sure Cowan is dead?"

"Yes, he—no hasn't moved since; but—but I didn't kill him."

"Of course no, and I'm glad I did. This is part of my trade, and I'm not in a any sleep over it. Ah! I can get up alone, and the first thing I am going to do is to bar that door."

CHAPTER XXII.

We Understand Each Other.

Norreen had drawn away from the body of the dead man, and stood against the far wall, with face hidden in her hands. Cowan lay at full length, one arm thrown across his eyes. I bent over him, touching his forehead with my fingers. The ball had penetrated his abdomen, and how the fellow ever fought so fiercely after receiving his death wound I can never understand. I think that in his mind he was aware that he was hurt, and drew out from the inside pocket of his blouse a handful of papers concealed there. One was a buff packet, which had been roughly torn open—the one taken from Major Harwood the night of his murder.

The packet contained several official papers, but the principal paper was a carefully prepared list of irregulars operating throughout the mountain country, with names of the better-known leaders, the estimated strength of each separate gang, the region in which they hid, and the side they espoused, if any. This had evidently been carefully prepared by some staff officer, undoubtedly Major Harwood himself, as the letter referred to him as having been detailed to such duty, and was full and complete. I found therein this mention of the Cowans: "Luther and two sons; probably control fifty or more men, with headquarters near Union in Green River mountains; raid indiscriminately; have attacked our former train; refuse to cooperate, and continue to perpetrate a large section; raided Lewisburg before it was occupied by troops, killing several, and looting the shops. Is considered the most dangerous gang operating in Green River and Monaca counties; reports of atrocities received almost daily, many too hideous to repeat."

I glanced up at Norreen, and her eyes met mine inquiringly.

"Is this your father's handwriting?" I asked, holding the paper toward him.

"Yes; what is it—important?"

"Not very complimentary to Cowan."

here. A report to General Halleck, at Washington, of conditions in western Virginia. I wonder how the old villain ever learned that such a paper was being forwarded?"

"It is not likely he did," she answered thoughtfully. "It may have been more accident which put the document in his hands. See, here is a



I Ran My Hand Within, Touching the Flesh.

letter that father wrote," and she stooped and picked it up from the floor, uttering an exclamation of surprise. "Why, it—it is addressed to Ned Cowan at Union! What could he possibly have written this man about?"

"Let me see," and I took it from her hands. "We may find here an explanation of the whole affair."

It was a single sheet, very formal in expression, as though the writer merely performed a duty which he considered unpleasant, but necessary. He acknowledged receipt of a communication reaching him at Ramsey's headquarters, apparently an application for pardon, and a pledge to unite with the Federal forces, and stated that the writer would be at the Minor house near Hot Springs at a certain date, where he would be glad to confer further regarding the matter. He agreed to come unattended, and suggested that his visitor use the name of Taylor as to prevent any suspicion. The closing paragraph referred to a former misunderstanding between them, and expressed a kindly desire to blot out all memory of what had occurred. My hands trembled as I read the lines, and the girl at my side cried softly, her eyes so filled with tears I doubt if she could distinguish the words. Scarcely aware of this action, I held her with my arm, the letter crumpled between my fingers.

"It's all clear enough now, little girl," I whispered, my voice trembling from sympathy. "Your father met his death at the hands of a treacherous scoundrel. It was a plot carefully conceived, and now Cowan has paid the penalty. I am glad we have learned the truth; but Major Harwood would never wish you to mourn here in the midst of all this danger—you are listening?"

"Yes; I will do just as you say."

"It will be best to go; safer, I think, alone."

Her hands clung to me, but she was no longer crying, although unshed tears dimmed her eyes.

"—I thank God," she faltered, "that he sent you to me. I could not bear all this alone."

"I am glad you care to have me here," I answered eagerly. "I was half afraid you did not."

"Oh, but I do; I cannot tell you all it means. I—I think I have never felt more helpless, or—discouraged."

"It is the strain of so much occurring at once, and you are worn out. We will get away from here, somewhere back into the hills, where we can rest all day, and you will be all right again. We need sleep and food."

I released her hands gently, began a swift search, and found all we required. I left Cowan lying just as he had fallen. Both of us were glad enough when we closed the door of the shack and returned to our horses. We rode on steadily for an hour, only occasionally exchanging a word. The road was rough and mountainous, so rocky underfoot our horses left no trail. At last we came to a narrow ravine down which a brook plunged over a stony bed. There was no trail visible, but it was possible to advance some distance by keeping close to the bank. I dismounted, and, holding to the rail, led my horse carefully forward.

"Follow as closely as you can," I called back to her, "and keep at the rock edge so as to leave no trail."

A safer place surely could not have been found. We were in a narrow defile, scarcely fifty feet across, and guarded on either side by high rock walls, precipitous, and exhibiting no sign of a trail. I picked the horses close to the stream and spread blankets for the lady to lie on at the foot of the bluff, where she would be well screened by a thicket of underbrush. Then I came back to where she sat silently, against the bole of a large tree, watching my movements.

"No doubt we are safe enough here," I said, opening the pack. "But I'll not risk a fire; you can eat, I suppose?"

"I hardly know," wearily. "Perhaps I can choke a little foot down; but really I am not hungry. How far have we come?"

"As a mere guess I should say nearly ten miles since leaving the cabin."

By the sun it must be nine o'clock. But what you can, and then lie down on the blankets and rest. We will not leave here until just before dark."

"And you?"

"Oh, I may doze later if there is no alarm; I shall never be far away."

She ate of the coarse food daintily, apparently without appetite, but I did full justice to the meal, satisfied for the time being at least, that we were securely hidden. There was a strange constraint between us, and, finally, hoping to make her feel more at ease, I ventured to breach the subject which I knew must be also uppermost in her mind.

"It is an odd situation in which we find ourselves," I began awkwardly, my eyes on the ground, "but I hope you—you will not feel embarrassed, or—or fail to have complete confidence in me. I—I have no wish to take any advantage; or—or assume any authority."

I stopped, unable to express the thing I desired to say, and the silence seemed long. I lifted my eyes, and she was looking at me.

"May I ask you one question?"

"A dozen."

"No, this one is all. You really believed those who attacked us were Cowan's men?"

"I had no other thought, Miss Norreen."

"Then your proposal was merely made in the hope of thus protecting me from insult?"

"That was my sole thought at the time," I replied soberly. "It was a desperate chance, yet the only one apparently left us. That is what I wanted to say, to explain. I went on hastily, before she could interrupt. I realize the serious mistake made, and how embarrassing it must all be to you. But you must believe me a gentleman. I would never have spoken one word, never have made any claim upon you, Miss Norreen, I realize that I have no right."

"You may call me Norreen," she said simply. "We have been friends, and I think we will always be. I do trust you, and believe in you; only I wanted to understand fully your motive. I do not blame you, nor myself; we did what seemed best at the time, and—now we must meet the facts as we best can. Perhaps I should not have said what I did back there in Lewisburg. I had no time in which to consider, and my only thought then was to justify my action in aiding your escape. My—my being your—your wife was the only excuse I could urge for such disloyalty."

"And now you are sorry?"

"—do not know," hesitatingly. "I cannot decide. Where do you take me?"

"Norreen," I said soberly, struggling to keep my head from touching her own, where it rested on the grass. "It is too late now to go back; to think of going back. We cannot deny or conceal our marriage, since you have openly acknowledged it, and we have gone away together. There is only one straight path left for us now—across the mountains to old Virginia."

"—I know—and then?"

"You must trust my honor, my discretion. We are friends, you say, and I mean to prove worthy. My orders will take me to Richmond; have you either friends or relatives there?"

"I am not sure, the war has made such changes—but I hardly think any in whom I could confide."

"Then we will find a way for you to join my mother; she is in North Carolina."

Woman's Tact.

Rev. Mr. Gassington—Ironically, Miss Deering, do you think my sermons are too long? Miss Deering—Oh, dear, no! I merely think that life is too short—Puck.

(To Be Continued.)

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